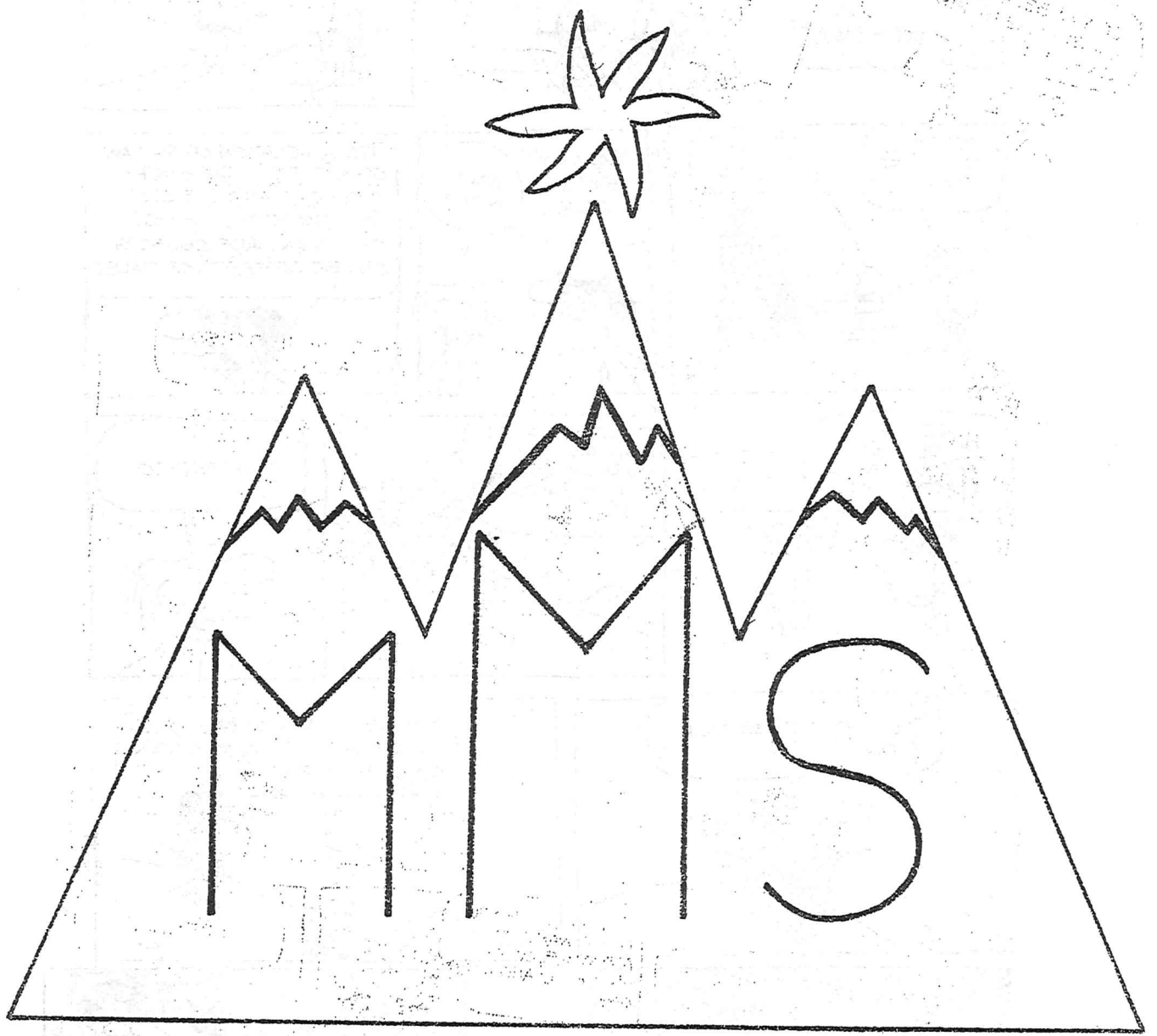


MACQUARIE MOUNTAINEERING SOCIETY



YEARBOOK 1973



SKI TOURING

BUSHWALKING

CANYONING

CANOEING

CLIMBING

CAVING



DO YOU BELIEVE EVERY
MAN'S HOME IS HIS
CASTLE?



SURE... IF HE DOESN'T
OWN A CASTLE.



WHY, YOU
CAPITALIST
PIG!



WHAT'S
WRONG?

YOU CAN'T
SELL
A CAVE!



WHY
NOT?

IT'S A VIOLATION OF THE LAW
OF NATURE!... THE EARTH,
THE SEAS AND THE SKY
BELONG TO ALL OF US!...
ONLY MAN-MADE OBJECTS
CAN BE OFFERED FOR SALE!

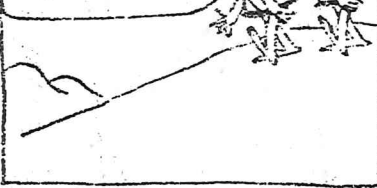


HOW DID YOU
GET THE CAVE
IN THE FIRST
PLACE?



I FOUND IT.

OK,... THEN IF YOU
DON'T WANT IT
ANYMORE, GO OUT
AND FIND ANOTHER
ONE.



I INTEND TO.



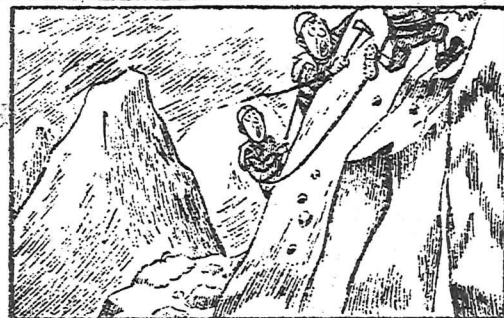
THEN WHY THE 'FOR SALE'
SIGN?



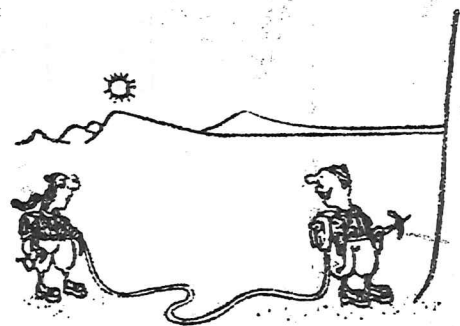
I NEED THE MONEY FOR ONE
OF ROTHERY'S "SUPER DUPER
CAVE FINDERS."



7-1



"From here you can see five proposed expressway routes."



"George, are you sure this is the
correct way to rope-up?"

THE PRESIDENT'S REPORT

This year showed once again that a club such as ours functions only if most members are willing to lead, organise and encourage others to participate in as many different activities as offered in the club.

Most activities have been well catered for and standards reached in previous years should be maintained or improved upon next year.

Canoeing and climbing are the only exceptions.

Steve Collins, Jean Vanry and Peter Fogarty for canoeing and Don Fletcher for climbing have been encouraging younger members and imparting some of their hard learned "skills" onto them. This attitude also shown by others was a pleasing aspect of the year.

I hope those inflicted with others enthusiasm will profit from it in the ensuing years.

Though the club has subscribed to the K.H.A. for some time now, this year is the first time that any positive action was taken to help maintain a hut.

Dave Darlington's effort in initiating and organising the Albina Lodge "clean up" and preparation for painting is to be praised.

On the whole the year has been similar to the previous ones in the running of lunch time meetings and evening meetings.

On the latter occasions, Joe Friend provided an interesting talk and slides of his overseas climbing trip; Rod Domanish explained the developments of orienteering in N.S.W. and in Europe; and Mr. Ian Turton who showed films of how canoeing was twenty years ago and Mr. Collins showed his films of canoeing to-day.

Strong friendships and good mountaineering for 1974.

Geoff Humphreys.

SEC'S REPORT

No, this is not a collection of the gossip and scandal for the year (as can be seen by the length of this article), but a brief rhubarb to complement the President's report.

1973 started well, with a large fresher intake including many keen and experienced individuals, and many trips were taken. However, this standard was not maintained as was indicated by a falling attendance at meetings, and quite a few weekends in the latter part of the year when no trips went at all.

Not to be masked nevertheless was the considerable small scale activity throughout the year, including lunch-time use of the climbing wall, regular migrations to

Lindfield rocks (all augurs well for climbing in '74)., Saturday morning surf canoeing, numerous day walks, not to mention regular basketball and volley ball.

Decreased enthusiasm was also manifest in intervarsity participation this year. In canoeing, in which we gained 2 nd place, half a team only made Macquarie's representation, while at orienteering and langlauffing no members were present. It may thus seem somewhat contrary that blues were almost unanimously adopted for canoeing and orienteering. Whilst not aimed at fostering the competitive urge, they do provide an incentive to improvement of the standard of performance in a particular sport.

On the subject of rising standards, it is encouraging to see the large numbers heading off to Tasmania and New Zealand over the holidays. This broadening of the range and no doubt increase in standard of activities can only be beneficial to the club.

As has been fundamental to the mountaineering club's progress over previous years is the Sports Association. Every member has felt the benefits of this support, and are undoubtedly very appreciative.

Peter Fogarty

EQUIPMENT OFFICERS' REPORT

We can now say we have a complete supply of equipment which should satisfy the needs of most club members. However we have attempted to distinguish between individual and group equipment, supplying only sufficient "individual gear" to enable the inexperienced to "try it out for themselves".

A mammoth problem has been providing suitable areas for club (and some private) equipment. Apart from our original store room in the Gym, we have been granted use of an area under the Gymnasium for the storage of canoes, and more recently a "cage" enclosure for canoe-making and repairing supplies and some caving equipment.

Our thanks must go to Bill and Meryl for the use of the Barn for canoe building, Mike Dean for his patience with us, and Bob Lawton for his welcome advice and encouragement.

We must all remember that efficient use of equipment can only occur if it is promptly returned.

Dave Darlington

TREASURER'S REPORT

No magnificent profits were made in 1973 but the accounts were stable throughout. While Don Fletcher was president Geoff Humphreys held the treasurer's position. On Don's resignation at mid-year Geoff was elected president and Linda Turton treasurer. Geoff opened a canoe account separate to the club account; it has been in operation since 4th April. Markedly less was spent on new equipment than last year - this is probably due to previous years' equipment purchases being adequate for 1973's smaller membership. We thank the Sports Association for its valuable co-operation, and especially Bab Lawton for his interest and experienced assistance in canoeing.

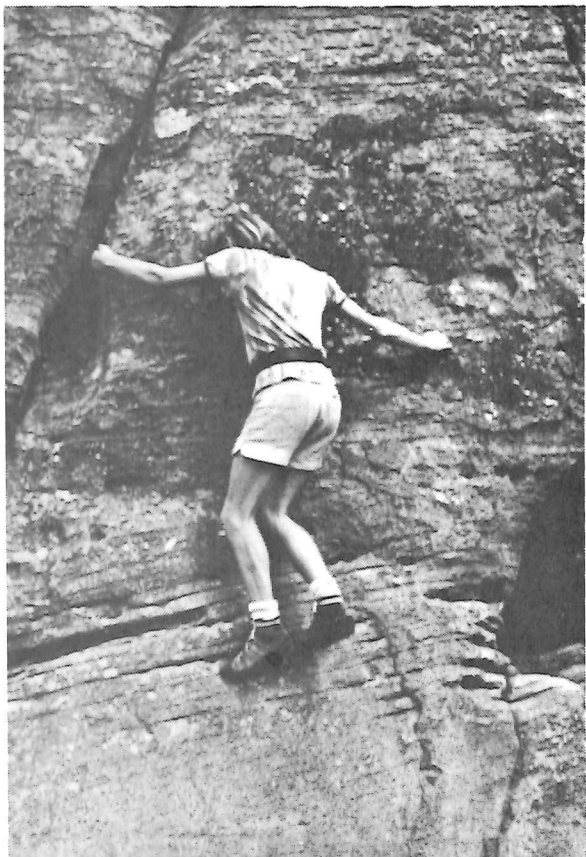
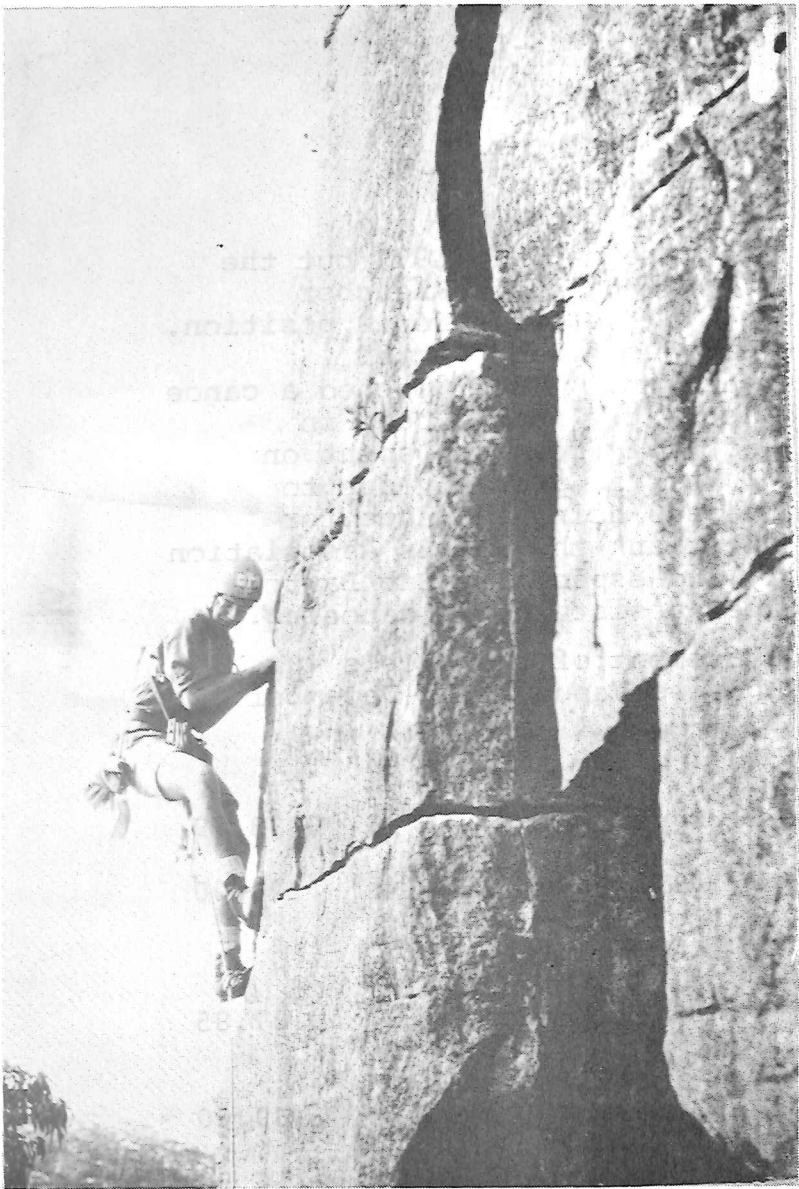
The following is a statement of the club's financial activities for the period January 1 - December 7.

INCOME		EXPENDITURE	
Membership	\$182.90	Equipment	\$ 93.89
1972 Yearbook	55.90	1972 Yearbook	120.00
Sports Association grant (insurance)	150.00	Affiliation, donations, insurance	87.85
Canoe building (before Canoe A/c)	23.00	Canoe materials (before Canoe A/c)	30.00
Affiliation	12.00	Stationery (Sloth)	16.50
Interest, misc.	<u>10.33</u>	Miscellaneous	<u>37.86</u>
	\$434.13		\$386.10
1973 income	\$434.13	Closing balance	\$307.85
1973 expend.	<u>386.10</u>	Opening balance	<u>259.82</u>
	\$ 48.03		\$ 48.03

CANOE ACCOUNT

INCOME		EXPENDITURE	
Canoe building	\$343.00	Materials	\$255.49
Repairs, hire	34.17	Letman & hire	40.00
Miscellaneous	<u>4.57</u>	Affiliation	<u>15.50</u>
	\$381.74		\$310.99
1973 income	\$381.74		
1973 expend.	<u>310.99</u>		
Closing bal.	\$ 70.75		

Linda Turton



ROCKCLIMBING REPORT

Most of the climbs done by M.M.S. members in 1973 were easy or medium ones on Blue Mountains sandstone, except for an Easter visit to the magnificent Booroomba granite. Few hard climbs were done but this is largely irrelevant to an estimate of the quality of the climbing.

In fact, it is not the grade which should count. It is not hard to repeat a few of the Wirindi 18's without involving much of the qualities that rockclimbing characteristically requires, namely boldness and commitment, (backed by judgement).

Up to this point I have been referring to leading. "You haven't done a climb until you've led it".

There were as many leaders in 1973 as in any previous year. But also a number of people climbed as seconds, with the perfect security of toprop ed belays. Some of these may lead their climbs next year.

The majority of climbs are not in the category hinted at above. I think most of the time we go for pleasant relaxation, a bit of exercise in enjoyable settings, the company of friends or some other reason. Most feel no need to challenge themselves at every opportunity.

The last category could be left out, or included for completeness; the ascents made by people who had the boldness, who looked for a challenge, but lacked the judgement. Such people are usually spoken of softly and in past tense. Fortunately we had none of these.

In summary, it was a good year for climbing, though restricted somewhat by the burden of study, and I think it indicates future years of unprecedented activity.

Don Fletcher.

Photographs

Top left: Mike relaxing on his day off.
Top right: Fool on a hill.
Centre left: "Mummy!"
Centre right: Climber aspiring.
Bottom left: Twinkle toes at Lindfield.
Bottom right: Lost?

CAVING REPORT

1973 was a quiet year for caving, partly because many of the more active cavers had left uni and had jobs involving weekend work.

New areas visited were Cooleman (good) and Dungog (terrible). Jenolan - mainly Mammoth Cave - was visited several times and mapping begun in the 'Naked Lady' section of the cave. It is intended to continue this work in 1974. Little Wombeyan and Murruin Creek caves were visited to collect information for Speleo Handbook 11; we also assisted S.H.11 work at Cliefden.

As usual, Bungonia was the most frequently visited area. A few small passages were found in Fossil-Hogan cave and the Gorge area. There was also a diversification of activities to climbing, liloing, canyoning and walking at Bungonia.

Graeme O'Reilly visited the caving areas around Katherine N.T. and enthusiastically reported the large amount of unexplored caves - unfortunately it is a long way from Sydney.

Wishing you all a "dark future" in 1974.

Richard Lansdowne

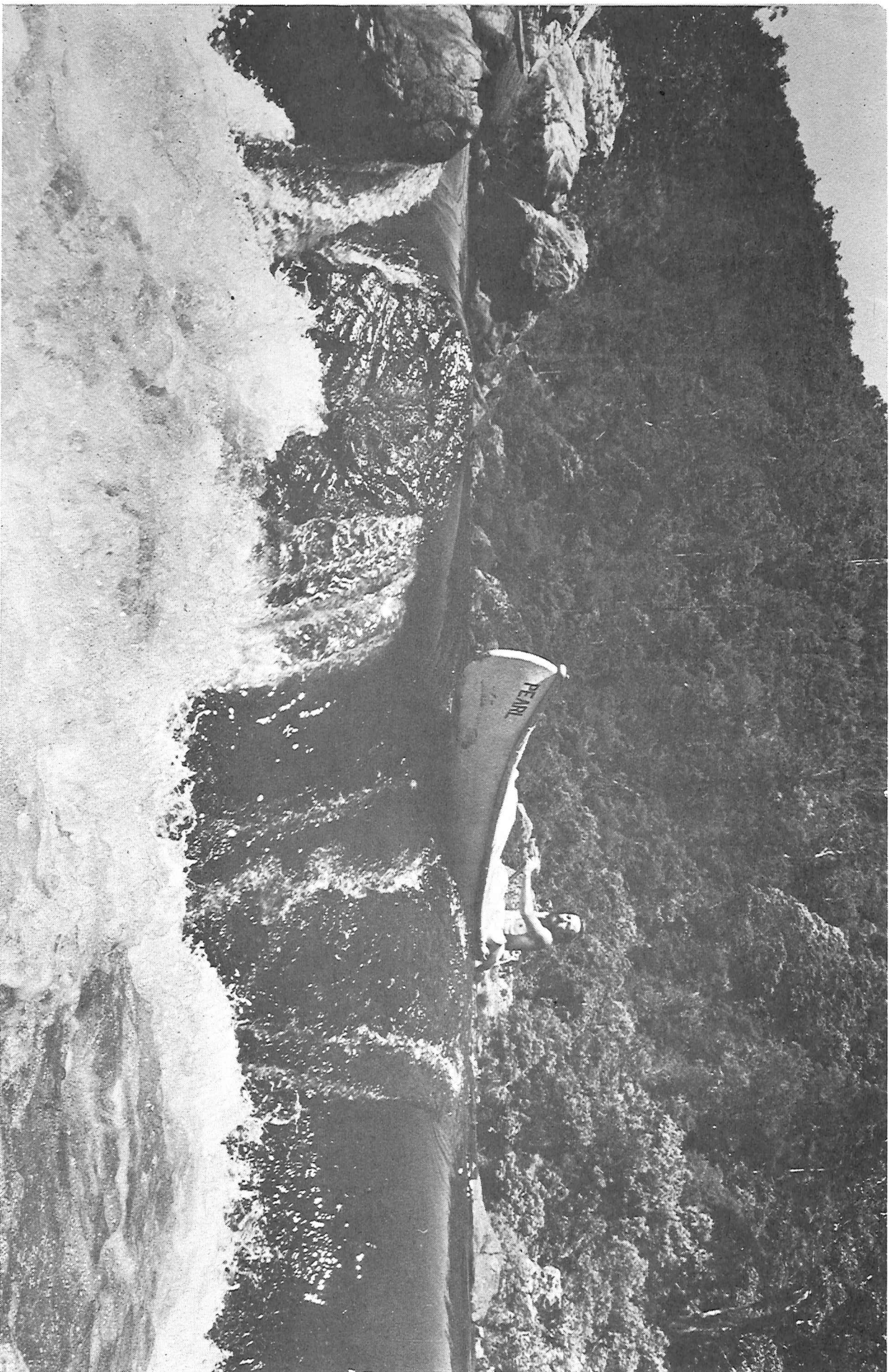
CANOEING REPORT

A fairly successful year was 1973 as far as canoeing goes. The big event of the year of course was the I.V. Slalom held at Childowlah by Uni of N.S.W. in which Macquarie did well but was beaten to the prize for overall points by A.N.V. . Several Club members also competed in the N.S.W. State Slalom doing well in the Kayak events but having poor runs in the Canadian and teams events. Three club members also went in the State down river race on the Barrington. A practice slalom was held on the Macquarie River toward the end of the year in order to train some competitors for next year's I.V. to be held below the Nymboida Power Station.

Surf canoeing proved to be a popular pastime in 1973 with trips to the beaches nearly every weekend. Three surf canoeing trips also went to Frazer Park near Wyong where not only the good surf but also the spectacular sea caves reside.

On the touring scene, good rains filled most rivers in the later half of the year and so after something of a slump in '72 touring came to the fore again. There was one trip each on the Mitta Mitta, Manning and Barrington Rivers, the latter of these being marred by low water. Several trips went to the Macquarie River including a six day epic just before New Year. A trip was also held on the Nynboida with much canoe wrecking and portaging and this is now now declared the "IN" river for experienced canoeists

Steve Collins



FOR ADVENTURE
OUTDOORS

GET ALL THE RIGHT GEAR AT

PADDYS
69 LIVERPOOL STREET,
SYDNEY.
PHONE 26-2685

MMS - A SOMEWHAT BIASED HISTORY.

I have two reasons for writing this. First, while recently talking to the club Secretary I was surprised that he not only knew very little of the club's history "before his time" but was also very interested in it. My second reason must reflect the rockclimber in me: self-glorification.

It must be admitted that this history is biased and incomplete, because it is a record of the club's years through my eyes and lack of time precluded sufficient research to fill the gaps in my knowledge.

The Macquarie Mountaineering Society started in about June of 1967 when Harry Luxford, interested in rock climbing, and Rick Daniel, interested in caving, got together. It was decided that it would be a good idea if all the so called 'mountaineering' sports were combined in one club; the idea being that when strong enough individual sports could split off. A meeting was advertised, and the club formed. Rick was President and Harry Vice-President. Dave Roots was chosen Patron for life. Over half of the club members were staff. The initials MUMS were first used but under pressure from the very large Macquarie University Mothers Society they were shortened to the now time-honoured MMS.

The club prospered, Rick leading caving trips in conjunction with SUSS; Harry trained would-be rock climbers; the library staff did most of the bushwalking. Club membership was about 30, with 10 regulars, and Harry firmly at the helm.

1968 saw a doubling of the student membership of the University, and a proportionate increase in club membership. The year got off to a good start with a talk and slide show attended by about 100 freshers. About 20, including myself, were sufficiently impressed to go away to Bungonia caving or Frazer Park bushwalking. Meetings were held in CE8 (now after n+1 name changes E7BC8) with informal lunchtime discussion in the cafeteria (now First Year Physics Labs). Democratic elections were held four weeks later. Harry Luxford was elected unopposed as President, Rick as Vice, Klaus Huneke as Secretary and Joy Ling as Treasurer, all also unopposed. At this stage the Vice-President was in charge of equipment - two ropes and a two man tent. There were no politics, Harry ruling all. The highlight of the year was the club's affiliation with the newly formed Sports Association, an affiliation which meant that at last the club could buy enough equipment to train beginners to the point where they could decide whether or not to buy their own gear. 1968 also saw the club's first skiing trips - two weekends to Kiandra with half touring and half downhill skis.

1969 was a critical year in the growth of MMS. Again the student population doubled, but MMS at least tripled in size. This put a fair strain on the club's resources both in manpower and equipment. 25 freshers went to Bungonia, a record only to be broken the following weekend with a bushwalk of 30 to the Cox's River from Carlon's Farm. The enthusiasm of the freshers was

something never to be seen before and probably never to be seen again. Within a week of orientation they had organised themselves into a social group of formidable proportions, taking over whole tables in the Union to discuss trips going and gone. By sheer numbers they forced the Wednesday meeting to move to the larger CE6 (now E7BC6). One unfortunate consequence of the rapid increase in student enthusiasm was the slow withdrawal of almost all staff members.

On the political scene complex things began to happen. Harry realising he would not be around forever declined from running on the executive to see how it would go without him. Instead he nominated a new executive who were dutifully democratically elected: Coralie Eglington president, Rick vice again, Graham Carter secretary and myself as treasurer. Unfortunately the executive was also caught up in the club's exuberance and left undone those things which ought to have been done. The equipment fell into disrepair - as it was to remain for several years, club meetings were shoddily run and Harry's carefully nurtured organisation began to decay, much to his disgust. To compound this the whole nature of the club changed, there was now more to it than just a select bunch going on trips together.

1969 saw our first canoeing trip - the Shoalhaven, our first IV orienteering attempt, and our first social weekend at Goodman's Ford. It was at the end of 1969 that our first yearbook was published, inspired by Graeme O'Reilly the holder of the new executive position of publicity officer.

Late '69 early '70 one of the most useful events in the club's history occurred. Spurred by the first year's enthusiasm and his desire that the club should not collapse leaderless when he left, Harry organised a "Leadership Training Course". In this eight people in pairs led trips in the different sports, on consecutive weekends. None had led trips previously. All eight went on all the trips along with several older, more experienced club members. A mid week meeting discussed the trips good and bad points and planned the coming one. This gave people experience in all sports, it no longer being desired that any sport should split off, and encouraged leadership. And it worked! This gave the club enough experienced people to cope with the large number of new members expected in 1970. It was about this time that trip leader qualifications were discussed.

1970 got off to a spectacular start with a 3 day, 2 room continuous display in Orientation. Nearly 100 freshers signed up. The freshers trip to Bungonia was an all time record of 50 (25 freshers). The club's first canyoning trip went about this stage.

Then disaster struck, Harry Luxford made his first big mistake. At a meeting just prior to the elections he stated that since last year's organisation had been so bad he felt none of the executive should stand. The storm of arguments which followed raged for several months and had the effect of driving off most of the freshers, most of the previous executive and Harry Luxford. Enthusiasm dampened the elections were never-the-less held (this time with meticulous hard fought democracy) with myself as president, Helen Hartgerink (now my spouse) as secretary, Alan Young as treasurer, Colin Davidson as vice and equipment officer and Richard Lansdowne as publications officer.

There were also elections for "Co-ordinators", persons responsible for a particular sport's trips within the club for a year. They were Graham Carter bushwalking, Col Cresdee caving, Peter Bennett canoeing, Dave Alder rockclimbing, and Chris Pavich skiing.

Several important events occurred in 1970. The club became affiliated with the NSW Federation of Bushwalking Clubs. Night meetings were implemented, the first few of which were mammoth affairs with guest speakers and coffee, wine and biscuits afterwards. Final approval for the climbing wall came through. The club hosted a 3 day I.V. climbing meet at Goodmans Ford. Cave research work was first attempted. Little Wombeyan was first investigated. Trip leader requirements were drawn up and published. The irregular appearance of "Our Regular Monthly Magazine - Sloth" began. An interesting point to note here is that weekly trips to De Burghs and Lindfield for abseiling and climbing were more regular in 1970 than "trips" to the climbing wall are now. The social event of the year would have had to be a weekend at Wiseman's Ferry building a tourist track for the Park Ranger and a party afterwards which resulted in lifeless bodies scattered everywhere, including in canoes on the River.

1971 was undoubtedly a canoeing year. A low key Orientation was very successful. Club membership levelled off at 100 with 40 regulars. The Co-ordinators were replaced by a Trips Director. The Executive was Richard Lansdowne as President, Anne Pettit as Secretary, Graham O'Reilly Treasurer, Don Fletcher as Equipment Officer, Colin Davidson later replaced by Barbie Cameron-Smith as Publicity Officer, Ken Griffin later replaced by Ian Peattie as Trips Director. The main influence on the club this year was the replacement of Jim Campbell by Bob Lawton as Sports Association Secretary. Bob is an avid canoeist and with his help the club was able to build a KW7 mould. This caused the gradual replacement of Canadian canoeing with Kayaking; helped the start and rise in popularity of surf canoeing and facilitated our entering slalom competition leading to the I.V. in 1972.

Evening meetings continued but less frequently. Sloth continued its somewhat haphazard publication pattern. The climbing wall was completed in 1971, auspiciously opened with a ceremony and a sprinkling of rough red. MMS became affiliated with the Kosciuszko Ruts Association and the NSW Canoe Association.

On the skiing scene 1971 will go down in history as an organisational nightmare with 40 people involved at Sawpit Creek. Successful but momentous and expensive in phone calls for its leader.

Politically the scene was quiet except for two mid year resignations and the formation of M.U.S.I.C. by the cavers in an attempt to broaden their caving horizons.

The social event was the canoe extravaganza at Wisemans Ferry with relay races, standing up races, etc to raise money for the forthcoming canoe I.V.. Balance Island seceded from Australia when several MMS members took over an old railway pier in the Parramatta River as a protest against pollution. For this effort they got T.V. and Newspaper coverage and an investigation by the Commonwealth Police.

1972 was the year Graeme Edenborough died; this sticks in my mind as undoubtedly the most tragic event in the club's history. Graeme died of exposure while ski touring, caught in a blizzard whilst trying to locate Mawson's Hut. This shocked all club members and savagely pointed out the element of danger in the sports we so enjoy.

The year started well with a pre-orientation slalom attended by most of our members as a lead up to our I.V. hosting in May. Orientation went well, a canoe was made and raffled at Uni, again to raise funds for the I.V.. Membership remained at the 100 level. The Executive became Jean Vanry President, Barbie Cameron-Smith Secretary, Mike Bertie Treasurer, Margie McFvoy as Publicity Officer, CCol Cresdee and myself as Equipment Officers, and Ian Peattie later replaced by Chris Pavich as Trips Director.

MMS organised, hosted and won the first ever I.V. canoe slalom, thanks largely to Peter Bennett. M.U.S.I.G. became affiliated with the Australian Speleological Federation and the Lane Cove River was discovered for canoeing. But on the whole 1972 was a quiet year.

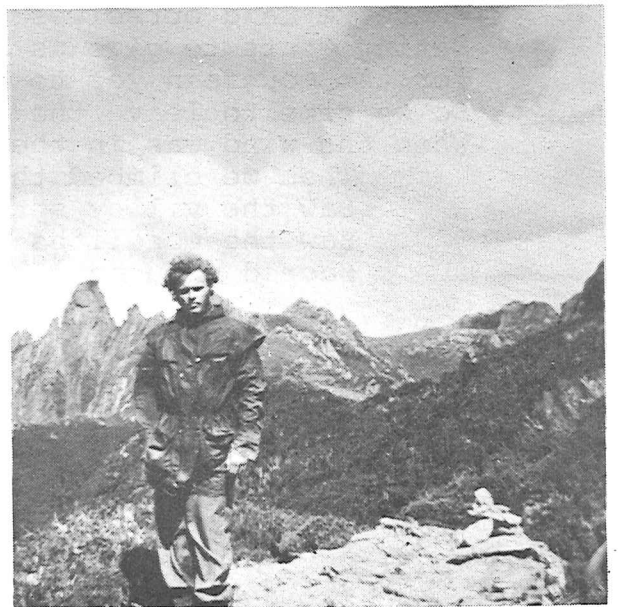
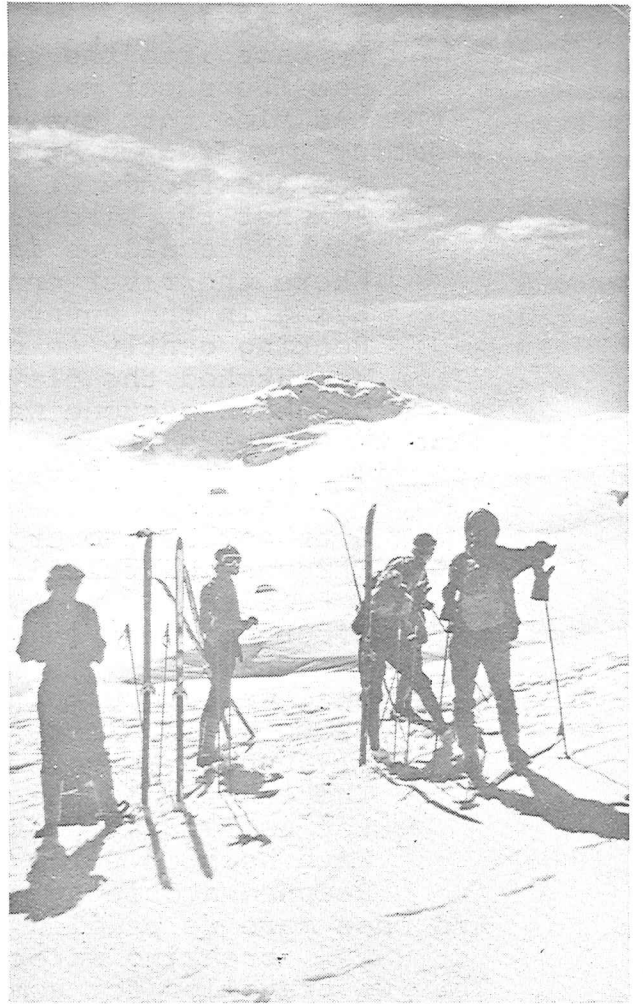
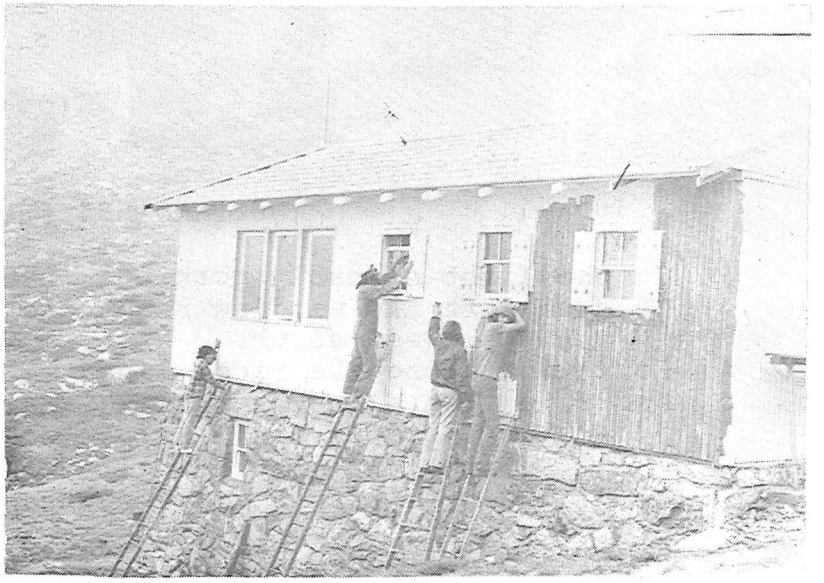
Of 1973 you can read in this magazine for yourselves. Again it was a quiet year. Politics were dominated by University Blues Awards, and the regulations governing them. Orienteering was given a big boost with members involved in weekly competitions. Slalom canoeing prospered with members taking 14th, 15th, and 16th places in the State Championships, but unfortunately losing the I.V. to A.N.U..

Such is the history of your club, with my apologies for biases or inadequacies. I suggest that you go back to the source documents yourselves. My perusal of the old trip reports in the Library, old Sloths and Year Books I found interesting, educational and amusing, as well as giving an insight into the characters who make up or made up MMS. I am sure you would too.

Steve Collins

Photographs

Top left: Townsend in Winter.
Top right: Hut maintainance, Albina.
Centre left: "Our new C2".
Centre right: On the main range.
Bottom left: Single roping practice, North Head.
Bottom right: Federation Peak and guess who.



WOLLANGAMBE LILO TRIP

In the light of early morning, when dew on leaves was softly shining.
Then we left the winding road, and plunged through arms of wet
green scrub.

Following along the ridge line, we then wound through rocky cliffs
And came upon a grassy hollow, framed by carved sandstone walls.

Winding down the little creek bed,

Snaking through the valley walls,

We did see the orange crayfish, saw the parrot red and blue,

Feasting on the nuts of the gum.

Rushing over many boulders, spraying white in foaming showers,

The little stream was joined by others, singing tales of valleys
passed.

After pushing through the bushes, wading waist deep through the
pools,

We came into the canyon proper,

Saw the sheer walls rising there,

And blew into our rubber rafts.

Floating below like autumn leaves, we gazed in wonder all around,

Saw the fronds of light green fern,

Against the blackness of the wall,

Saw the scallops in the sandstone,

Where the river once had flown.

Lying in the sunny stretches,

Rocking gently on our rafts,

We watched the play of light and shade

On the sandstone wall that rose above.

Thus we travelled for some hours, following the river's whim,

Sometimes where the river shallowed, we would flow like bobbing
sticks,

Over cobbles, over boulders

Through the tunnel way of branches, singing laughter loud and
clear.

After feasting in the sun, we launched our rafts & paddled
hard,

Till we came unto the place

Where water shoots in aching spasms over rocks and boulders
huge.

Thence we said one to another, "We shall perish if we ride it,
Let us find another way."

With help of twine we climbed the boulders,

Reached a quiet stretch of water,

And once more we paddled on, under sandstone overhang, over cobbles
breaking water.

Thus we travelled for some hours till we reached the Wollangambe,

Heard the roar of mighty waters,

Saw the flowing of her waters,

As our stream flowed into hers.

Came we then to sandy beach,

Where we laid ourselves to dry,

Eating meats to give us strength

For the mountain yet to climb.

So we came to leave the river, in the afternoon of sun

When the wind was in the valley, catching gum leaves in its path.

Then we climbed the mighty mountain,

Saw the valley spread below

Saw the monoliths of stone, guarding over Wallangambe,

Sacred grounds of walking men.

Barbie Cameron-Smith

COMBINATION TRIP

Above 'The Sparton' at Wirindi we stood. My ropes hung from a tree; Barbie stood behind scared into immobility. She was about to abseil from the big overhang and looked as though she thought it would be her last.

Seeing her grim, unhappy expression I was compassionate. "Warwick and I did it once. We thought it was about grade fifteen just for the exposure. We were really scared." At that stage Barb still thought Warwick and I were the Imperturbables just because we sometimes went unroped on the boulders at Lindfield. Her hardly audible reply could scarcely be repeated.

It wasn't my fault. She had asked for some abseiling practice. I was there to make sure she didn't sweet-talk her way out of it. Dave and Warwick were waiting below.. Warwick has a weakness for curvy, cuddly, blue-eyed brunettes, and Dave has a less specific one so I got the job. (I prefer blondes; besides, no one could talk me out of the pleasure of watching a National Parks ranger squirming on the end of a rope.)

My favourite ranger had thought some abseiling practice was necessary before the canyoning trip next day. (The fearsome and notorious descent of Danae Brook.) She was not entirely alone in such sentiments of doubt. Quite a bit of rain had fallen in the previous fortnight, threatening to force a postponement, but a fine Saturday made Warwick look glum. Periodically his anguished cry rose skywards "Comoonn RAIN!" He was an honest coward.

Dave (Hands) (Digger) (Wombat) Rothery didn't care. He was a caver, a squeezer and digger. He was not the sort to worry about any hole. A watery crawlway on six inch sewerpipe, the entrance to B125 on a tiger's yawn were all the same to him. A mere canyon (without even a roof) couldn't worry someone like that. Me? Well, as they say, "Don is a climber."

Accordingly we adjourned, after the abseil, to "The Phantom". Wombat's agility on the climb surprised me. I had been imagining the effect of prolonged entombment in a carbon dioxide-filled cave to result in physical degeneracy but apparently it only affects the mind.

Poor Barbie. It was her first climb too. She wanted to impress Warwick, yet a display of ability on strenuous pitches might weaken her most powerful influence over him by casting doubt on her femininity. On the other hand she had no desire to indulge his other interest (surgery).

With typical forethought she persuaded him to lead the difficult traverse on pitch two then belay out-of-sight. Pretending to fall on the traverse and thereby being excused from the overhang on pitch three was her strategy. It carried only the risk that Dave and I would see through her pretense. But Dave was new to the game and saw no deception. I noted it carefully but (some nasty people might say in a most uncharacteristic fashion) I remained silent. (I had my own plans.) She abseiled once more.

Our camp that night was beside the Boyd River at Kanangra. We waited in the dark for a slow red fire of scribbly gum to prepare the steaks, meanwhile finishing the luxury

dessert of ice-cream and fruit.

Apparently only a couple of hours later, the heat of a cloudless sunrise made our alarm clock obsolete. Any of the other campers up at that hour would have seen us packed and gone by seven.

It was Barb the Bushwalker in control now as we headed for the canyon. Eight unfit legs strained at the hills and struggled through dense scrubs of Eucalyptus and Acacia. Dave longed for his beloved Bungonia and the Great White Kombi. I remembered why I was a climber, not a walker. Warwick's intermittent grunting, "Bloody Women!" became "Bloody Bushwalkers!" and "Canyoning!"

Once we came to a clean hilltop. Little valleys with creeks named "Danae" and "Kanangra" stretched away in the distance, then we were suddenly lost in a great sea of billowing sunlit cloud that stretched as far as I could see. It would have been easy to believe that the world ended at that point. There must have been a very big cliff there. We knew the journey was nearly over.

As we got closer, I found myself further out in front, as though eager to be started. But it was more a case of nervous excitement as I remembered coming a year before with Barb and Greg and Bill. We'd been so afraid of the flooded falls at the entrance that we retreated.

This time the initial drop was filled with mist. The waterfall could be heard loudly but not seen at all and the air was so wet that a heavy rain dripped from the leaves.

We remembered the place from last year. It was a basin bound by cliffs on two sides with three great block cracks dissecting the flat rock floor. The whole creek disappeared with a roar into the cracks and sent up clouds of mist. It was like a Hollywood image of the entrance of Hades. We remembered a gully leading into the hollow and circled round carefully to find it.

Two abseils followed, and a swim led to a waterfall. Light could be seen but the walls rose vertically and unclimbable for two hundred feet. They were ten or twenty feet apart.

The creek was still flooded as we soon discovered. Abseil three went straight down its bed, the waterfall, but the full force of the water had to be avoided. We found some loose pitons in a crack to one side of the traditional anchor. After beating them back into place and even adding our own pegs to the rusty pile, Warwick went first with the words "I'm heaviest so..." I thought they were secure enough but stood clear just in case and guiltily focussed the camera on him.

But my turn was to come two abseils later where the whole creek disappeared into a chimney. The nasty locking slot three feet wide was filled with falling white water. Only thirty feet down I came to a ledge blocking the chimney. The remaining two hundred and forty feet of rope had piled there, tangled round a dead tree branch which

had also been trapped.

Having got myself free I struggled with the rope but water hammered the top of my helmet like a strong man's fist. I began to feel giddy and faint but there was nothing I could do to stop it. My arms grew weak and couldn't hold enough coils of rope. I could feel the pack being washed off.

Panic is always closer than you realise. I struggled internally against the tendency but still wanting to get out fairly quickly. Eventually, when it seemed I had the rope untangled I struggled down from the ledge and only then noticed the two strands passing back up. Unable to continue, I tied myself off. There was no way to return against such water even using the jumars imprisoned in my pack.

Pulling hard on the jammed rope seemed to have no effect. I imagined the rope firmly snagged out of sight in the froth. But fear sometimes strengthens. With a great heave the tree gave out and the rope came free.

Even then it wasn't over. I could see danger in the waterfall, so I traversed out on slippery ledges, risking a pendulum. Now I could see a tree wedged in the lowest part of the waterfall and feared the slip that would rocket me into it. I could look up again and see Warwick peering over.

Apparently he had hung on the edge with his hand on the rope after I had gone from sight several minutes. The rope had never slackened so he knew I was still there but told the others he was feeling the rope movements to see if I was alive, or just a body being swept around by the currents.

Barb was upset.

Dave just kept digging.

At the end of the traverse I dropped into deep water and started swimming. There was nothing worse than that abseil all day. I stood on a knee-deep ledge for several minutes before the fear subsided enough to decide what to do about the others. With rope tension from the ledge they abseiled diagonally out of the chimney onto a "slippery dip" log and into the pool.

There were about three or four more abseils and a lot of scrambling but by now the teamwork was fairly efficient and we reached the end a few hours after lunch.

More food and a rest was in order at the junction of our little brook with the mightier Kanangra. Slow walking led back up the two thousand odd feet we'd lost and across the open tops. We'd all had our moments that day and each our special role. Dave the Digger, Barb the Bushwalker, Don the Climber, and now it was Warwick's turn. Warwick the Raver earned his keep all the way back to the car by raising our tired and dampened spirits with a stream of amusements. And even when we got to the car he kept us awake and thinking by running out of petrol. We eventually got home I suppose. It's hard to remember.

Don Fletcher

CAVING : THE DANGER TO SOCIETY

Caves are dark, damp, muddy and dirty. Cavers are dark, damp, muddy and dirty. Both are dangerous. According to our best sociologist, the number of cavers is increasing at an alarming rate when compared to the fairly constant rate of growth of caves. Caving is beginning to challenge the ideas of our sun-loving, happy nation. If you see a caver beware

So that you may recognize it, a caver is usually deranged in a dirty white boiler suit, with a dirty helmet and head light, and at least partially coated in either dried, dirty or sloppy mud. You might now a caver by its snake-like profile or by the way it tends to crawl rather than walk. On the other hand, dislocated hips and an invariably high, squeaky voice.

But many of these traits can be disguised. There is, most fortunately, one sure-fire way of picking speleology for what it is. It is, without redemption, a mind-embracing, soul-destroying psychosis. No matter how hard a caver tries, the words of madness will accidentally slip out, "Dig, dig" (then frantically) "dig 125".

The caver will be preoccupied with dark places and holes - dark, damp holes, the tighter the better. Holes provide it with inspiration, satisfaction and fulfilment. It will stick at a hole, even in extremely bad air, to the end of its physical endurance. Indeed, its pains to find, expose and enter those are equal to the mountain man in his renowned upward battle.

The cause of this insidious condition is not exactly known. It is suggested by some do-gooder psychologists that caving is a natural and quite normal character trait which is present in us all to a greater, or (usually) lesser degree. "After-all", remarks Dr. P. Horseflea of S.K.U.M.I., "don't we all look for holes at some stage in our lives? Fate only calls those who are willing to push them".

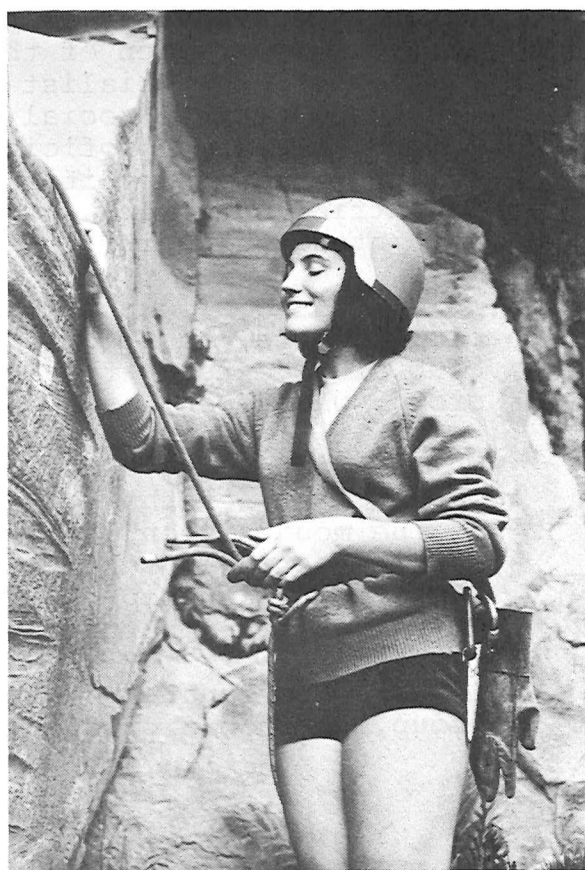
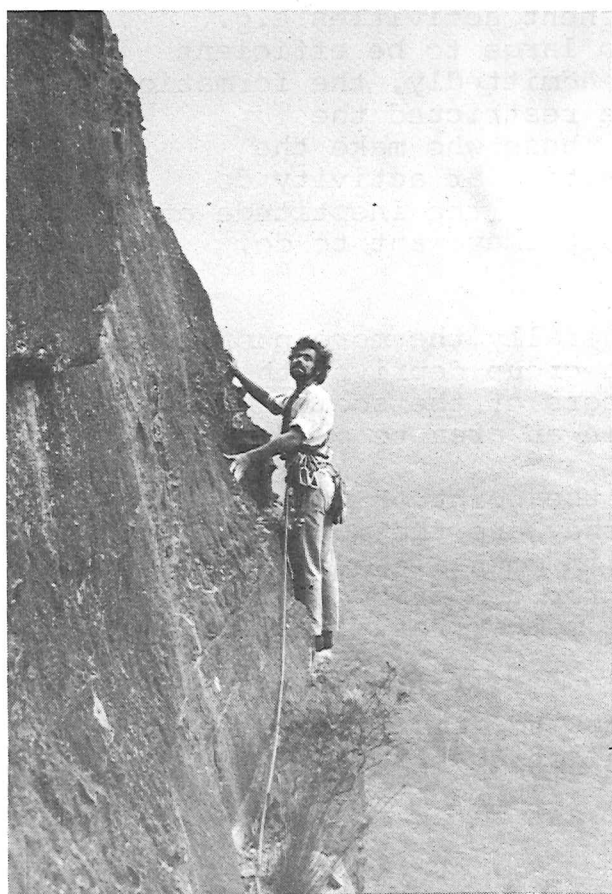
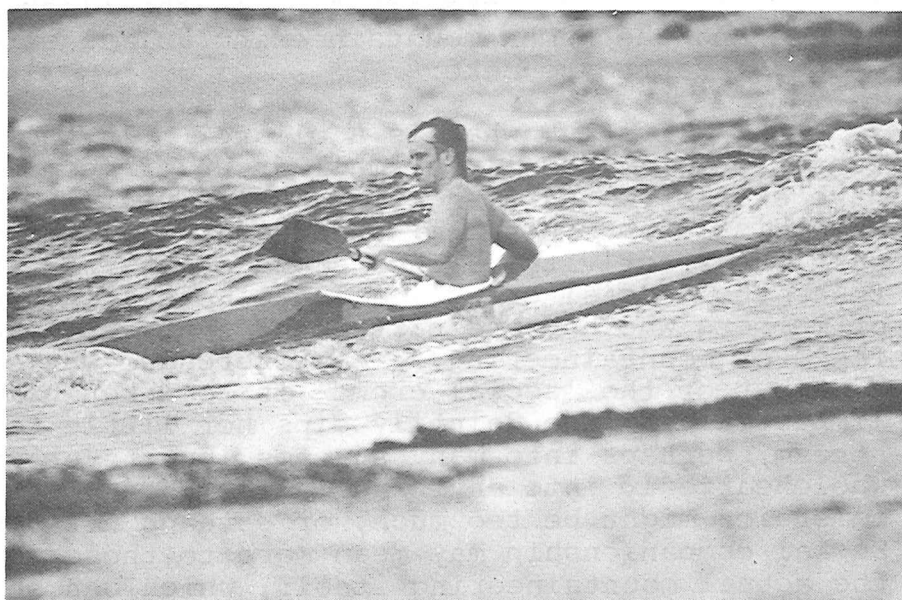
This rather humanistic view is naturally intrinsically irreligious and hence must be rubbished. Some more responsible elements of our Society have recently taken to a campaign to restore B125 and other caves to their natural state, but some more radical elements have suggested that all cavers be rounded up and cast into the void of B125 and then buried alive. (They obviously have no comprehension of the size of B125).

But what of the position of the man in the street? How can he guard against this heretical helmith? What of his wife and children, will they to be contaminated?

Please sign the petition and send it to your local member today!

Photographs

Top: Fogey in the Surf.
Centre: The old man and the sea.
Bottom left: Where now?
Bottom right: Climber?



NOTES ON "CLIQUE"

I can remember being fascinated reading about the black-backed magpie, the way they are organized into the territorial group and the nomadic flock. The group, of 3-10 birds, reproduced, and generally could be said to live happily ever after, at a high level of fulfilment. Then there is the flock. An incoherent flock of up to several hundred birds, immature or physically defective, wander across the countryside, never staying long, in search of food and shelter. Lacking the security of a territory and assured food and shelter, these birds are unable to reproduce. A most unsatisfactory state as far as any bird is concerned.

What is the relevance of this to cliques? The analogy between the organization of the black-backed magpie and the human mountaineering animal stresses some points I wanted to make.

Firstly, what is a clique? In the mountaineering context, it is usually a small group of people (3 - 5) who have similar ways of enjoying themselves (whether they be masochistic or otherwise) and degree of aptitude in a particular activity. They stand apart from what I refer to as the 'social crowd', a loose heterogeneous grouping of members who have no particular interest in any one field of mountaineering. A picturesque way of describing a member of the 'social crowd' is to liken him to the white-limbed maiden, who daintily dips her little foot into the stream, perhaps into many streams, but never goes wholeheartedly into anything. The shock of total immersion might be too much, or perhaps not desirable. Social companionship may mean more to these members than the actual mountaineering itself, which can serve as a front for many true motives.

A lot of people in the club seem afraid of the word "clique". There is an underlying apprehension that the club might break into its component activities e.g. canoeing and caving, if it gets too large to be efficient as a conglomeration of them all. Admittedly, the formation of cliques or specialist clubs have restricted the dabblings of the 'social crowd'. Those who make the effort to become proficient in a particular activity do not want their expeditions restricted by the ineptitude of an untried newcomer. They know what they want to do, and intend to do it.

As clique members are generally the more proficient club members, their going away as a group deprives the club of leadership for 20 - 30 members of the social crowd, who depend on a specialist in an area to guide them.

While cliques are undesirable from the point of view of many members of the social crowd, they are the ultimate aim of the mountaineer who is involved in mountaineering for mountaineering's sake, rather than for companionship. While companionship is important to members of a clique, it is not all-important.

Like the fortunate magpie who manages to find a place in a group, through a process of survival of the fittest,

members of a clique are free to go beyond a search for some essence of belonging and identity and can become truly productive. This productivity may take the form of specialized cave research, or it may involve carrying out a particularly difficult climb, only possible after training and experience.

This sense of achievement, of getting things done, results from a single-mindedness of purpose, which is in stark contrast to the mediocre dabbling in the surface of some activity.

While 'social' dabbling in mountaineering activities satisfies some, the need to achieve excellence in a particular field can only be accomplished in a "clique". This need can be shortlived. If not attended to, it fades. That it fades at all is sad. That it fades without an attempt to fulfill it is sadder still.

Therefore I say, wait till the members of the clique no longer find pleasure in their activities as such. When they feel the need to help other people to enjoy their activity as they have, they will make excellent and willing leaders.

Barbie Cameron-Smith

A "SKI" TRIP

Having each bought a pair of skis this year and then found no snow on the mountains in July, three keen members of the club (Dave, Bruce and myself) were determined to venture out again in September; nothing ambitious - just a quick trip out to Albina for three days.

In July it had taken "The Kombie" seventy five hours to reach Sawpit Creek (which included a return trip to Cooma for an auto-electrician after coming within five miles of our destination). We were therefore not (totally) unprepared for what followed - despite assurances that "lightning never strikes twice"! We first called the N.R.M.A. at Marulan By the time we were approximately 10 miles from Thredbo (at least it was consistent!) it was a matter of everyone out to walk up the hills beside the Kombie - until it eventually stopped altogether and we were forced to hitch the final mile into Thredbo. Conversation at the bottom of the chairlift with another ski-touring party acquainted us with the fact that there was too much snow up top - blizzards - so we returned to the Thredbo Hotel to decide our next move!

By 11 o'clock that night we had managed to have the Kombie snowed into the Thredbo carpark, and had spent a futile evening in the hotel trying to convince anyone who would listen (very few and those did not return) that we were

quite prepared to sleep on the floor of any lodge or hut.

After considering the merits of the chairlift station as a bedroom we retired for the night to the Kombie. Next morning it was a dash through sleet back to the Hotel to have our morning wash in their facilities before breakfasting on biscuits.

Being determined not to spend another night in Thredbo, even the news that Crackenback chairlift was covered by drift at the top station failed to deter us.

Dave (belatedly) jumped off at the middle station and the rest of us followed to face the job of waxing up in very exposed conditions (Blizzards!). The snow on the ground however, was really great, and by lunch we had reached the top. The spoil-sport lift-operator then suggested we look over the crest towards the main range - was it 25 feet we could see? We ate lunch while convincing each other we were really doing the only sensible thing, sent our packs down on the chairlift, and prepared to ski down ourselves.

Above the middle station the snow was still fantastic - fresh and untrammelled by downhillers - below this, more icy. Many falls and slides later we were nearing the bottom - late afternoon and Thredbo ahead! When we had left the village that morning it was muddy and wet, now it was covered with snow - the lift terminal, the hotel and chalets, and the lake frozen - a real alpine village.

Exhausted, we looked for somewhere to cook - we could hardly afford Thredbo prices, and besides we had all that food. The only sheltered and warm position out of the way of people was on the verandah of the hotel arcade in a dark corner. We got out the stove and enjoyed a delicious stew, followed by fried eggs and flapjacks - meanwhile attracting a few curious onlookers until "Have you got permission to cook here? It's licensed premises". Having finished our meal, we obligingly packed up, washed our dishes in the public toilets and returned to spend the rest of the night in the warmth of the bistro - actually having a drink each to pacify them.

After another night in the Kombie, and with the weather no better, it was a universal decision next day to give up our ski tour. One problem however, was that the Kombie was still not going! After a hitch to Jindabyne and back with a newly-charged battery, and another call to the N.R.M.A., the electrical system was rigged to bypass the generator and regulator. The rest of that day we drove home, without once stopping the engine for there was no guarantee we could start it again.

At last however, the Gods were protecting us - we returned safely and, while passing Lake George, found a broken crate of oranges which we salvaged. Talk about a memorable ski (?) trip!

Alison Ramsay

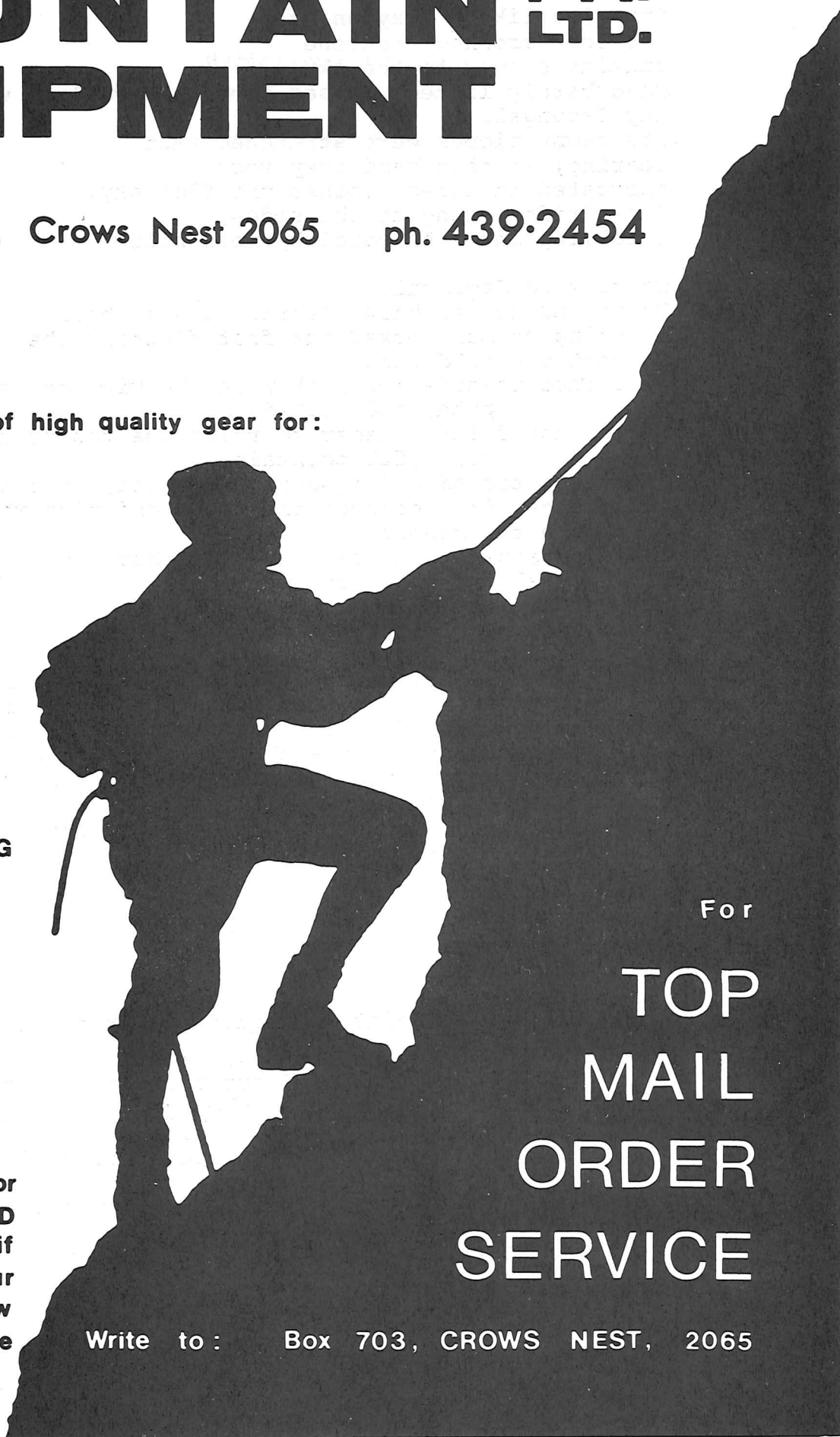
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CLIMBING JAGUNGAL

Sprawled like a lazy animal,
its long crooked backbone
snaking slowly to the sky,
head barely lifted, poised above the valley, waiting,
lay Jagungal.
Its tawny slopes were stretched taut
tearing, so that hard grey rock
encrusted in edges against the flat sky.
Snow drifts clung to the sides,
trickling into the squelchy moss below.

We climbed Jagungal.
We toiled up its back, seared with sunburn, our packs
dragging on our necks, our feet fighting the thick uneven grass,
to meet the cold wind.
We turned towards the peak with the wind across our
path, and walked,
faster and faster, eager to reach the top of this
beautiful mountain.
No trees, too high, Jagungal was naked; but thick red
moss bulged from between the rocks and tiny white flowers
bobbed in the breeze.
The mountains stretched away on either side.
We were walking above the world.
We owned it.
There were people there already!
I could see them, crawling around the trig.
Disappointment cut so keen I stopped. I didn't want to go on.
Had to. So conscious though that people were up there.
I was being watched. I was climbing up to people.
And I was hot and tired - the wind was behind the peak.
They came down to talk before I reached the top. The
finish was delayed.
They understood: the mountain's y ours now.
But it wasn't the same.

Linda Turton

With apologies to Saint Hildegard of Bingen (ca 1150)

Our Rockclimber

The constitution of our rockclimber is hot, and
since he is rather similar to the ape, he always
observes him in order to imitate his actions. He also
shares the habits of man, but these aspects of his nature
are deficient, so that his behaviour is neither completely
animal, he is therefore unstable. Sometimes, when he
observes, a bird in flight, he raises himself by climbing
up cliffs, leaps and tries to fly, but since he cannot
accomplish his desire he immediately becomes enraged and
soars.....

The creature has no medicinal value.

Adapted by Linda Turton.
(Jolly, A. (1972) The Evolution of
Primate Behaviour).

LAKE ALBINA - HUT MAINTENANCE

To maintain or not to maintain, that is the question for us to ponder on regarding the upkeep and responsibility of a mountain hut.

For the past two years we have considered maintaining a hut in the Kosciusko area, but have never arrived at a firm decision. Finally, we have taken a step in the right direction. Negotiations with the Kosciusko National Park are at present underway with the aim of M.M.S. becoming the recognized group in charge of maintenance of Lake Albina. At present, no official caretaker group has been appointed. The other alternative is Cesjack's Hut.

Can we manage such a task? Those who spent a week after the exams at Albina say YES!

When we arrived at this hut (lodge), we could have lived in it unaware of the effects of cruel winters, and left it saying that it was an above-average abode for cross-country skiers, bushwalkers etc. However, on a maintenance trip we took a closer look. Very little work had been carried out since 1959 when it was taken over by the National Parks and Wildlife Service. The interior was very dirty and untidy, the basement was a hoard of junk. The exterior walls were being eaten into by the serene weather and the roof leaked (or gushed) - ask Andy and Chris. We soon realised that JUST leaving a hut cleaner and tidier than the previous party is NOT keeping it well maintained.

Five days of very enjoyable work has corrected many of Albina's problems. Another five days in February will finish the improvements.

Maintaining a hut will cost us little - about one week a year, which also provides an enjoyable break from exams. We will gain a tremendous amount of satisfaction.

Since we are the third most frequent users of Albina, (statistics based on logbook survey for approx. 12 months), to take on the responsibility of maintaining this hut (or any other hut) means we are merely repaying and furthering the warmth, comfort and shelter that Albina provides in any weather.

Charles Parbury

Dave Darlington

CANOEING WAS NEVER LIKE THIS

By the end of the academic year a body accumulates sufficient pressure to require a potent release mechanism. Hence, people look for trips somewhat out of the ordinary, something more adventurous than the usual weekend away. So, to a party of four canoeists showing symptoms of the above condition, the Nymboida River appeared to be the perfect remedy. Sketchy and quite sensational reports had been received about this supposed ultimate of canoeing journeys in N.S.W. and this left little doubt that this was the river for us. As it turned out, this was to be very much more an adventure than a journey. As a tension release this trip was a total failure for it merely served to transfer an abstractly induced feeling to a very much physically induced state of mind. The rapids on the Nymboida aren't normal rapids, they're super-rapids, and combined with many portages over the greasy, wet and bouldery granite, there is little chance to recover between rapids.

The Nymboida flows north-west from Dorrigo on the Northern Tablelands, and over a distance of approximately twenty five miles, falling from 1000 ft. above sea level to only 300 ft. This fall is accomplished through a series of spectacular granite gorges, with a generous endowment of high quality rapids. Drops of up to five or six feet are not uncommon, and in a number of places the whole river is concentrated into a space no wider than 10 metres, resulting in a shooting flow that would set any canoeist's adrenalin pumping.

After an epic twelve hour journey to Dorrigo, during which we were beginning to wonder whether we would ever see the river, it didn't take long to get things under way the following morning. However our eagerness to start paddling was further thwarted by a three hour car's huff, during which time Alison and myself had a preview of the first rapids. Eventually, at 2.30 we hit the river with arms already in the paddling motion. Off to a standing start, the excitement was dampened only by the disapproving grumbles from the accumulating storm clouds.

Following the example of the early rapids, it was difficult to paddle fast enough to get to the next rapids. Small drops and shoots were regular, interspersed with some rocky sections where well-thought-out manoeuvring was necessary to avoid the river's deceit. With so much water in the river, a spill usually provided no problems (don't ask Alison, she bruises easily). At the end of the first day, spirits were very high, in spite of Alison's lost paddle (we carried a spare), and a couple of spine stretching portages. During the evening Rosie, who stowed away in a glass flagon, kept everyone amused; after a while she did become a little disagreeable with certain members.

The next day commenced with a portage followed by a few friendly and some not so friendly rapids, and more portages. The smooth, wet and vegetated granite hardly lent itself to portaging, and the sighs of relief when each was over was only exceeded by the cursing when the next came up. Undoubtedly the highlight of the day was a 70 yard shoot, now known as Daryl's demise. It was only 10 yards wide, with much of the water being churned into a 5 ft. haystack

which resembled the inside of a huge washing machine. Watching Alison and John come down, one saw a helmeted head bobbing up and down, until it hit the haystack, when, with a look of terror the paddler was sucked in then spat out, disappearing completely for a split second. Not to be outdone, Daryl hit the haystack sideways and up side down, and still in his canoe, dropped off the haystack to be cushioned by the foam at the bottom.

Such was the pattern over the next two days, with much portaging and repairing, in between exasperating rapids.

On the third day we attempted what was described in 'Walkabout' as the ultimate rapid. The whole river flowed over a narrow sloping slab, at the bottom of which was a series of sideways curling pressure waves. Alison and myself managed to survive, the right way up, suffering only from severe shock. John insisted on following his canoe down, after being tossed out by a cross current at the top. Then came Daryl, paddling as if he had prior knowledge that this would be the last he would be seeing of his paddle. Sure enough, he caught a back eddy at the bottom, flipped, and was trapped in the aerated water for 30 seconds before finally emerging minus one paddle. After a thorough search which proved unsuccessful, a long stick proved to be of some use on the flatter stretches. However, on the rapids it did not prove successful, and so was established the Nymboida paddle shuttle service.

Honours on the fourth day went to a wide, very steep rapid down which the water bounced in a series of stoppers. Both John and myself showed it was not possible to hit a 5 ft. stopper sideways and the rapid had the better of us. But Daryl showed how to do it. However it was only at the bottom when he popped out of the final stopper that we realised he was still in his canoe.

Three and a half days to cover fifteen miles is indicative of this section of river. It is followed by what should have been a leisurely final 15 miles from the Little Nymboida Junction. However, to maintain the standard of difficulty previously encountered, Daryl had no paddle, and I was paddling what was best described as a sieve, with six major cracks and no repair kit left. It was a familiar sensation to be paddling with bow and stern below the water and water lapping the top of my knees. This was quickly followed by the bow kicking up, the stern dropping and suddenly the canoe would be sitting on the bottom.

It was thus very welcome seeing the farm house where we were to pull out, where a liberal afternoon tea was served, our spirits restored, and back to Dorriggo to tell the world of our adventures.

Future trips would be well advised to take canoes constructed of 3 layers of glass (mine is now deceased), a liberal repair kit, and plenty of guts (for if you don't lose them looking at the rapids, you might just lose them in the rapids). It may also be helpful to know that if a rapid is audible from 200 yards away, it is canoeable; at 400 yards it may be dangerous, and at half a mile, it will definitely not be canoeable.

The Nymboida provides a sensation not often found

in canoeing, for there is a combination of both excitement and exhilaration with a very rewarding challenge thrown up by each rapid. Hardly a trip to unwind the body; more a very exhilarating way of becoming physically and mentally exhausted.

The trip - Nymboida River: Blicks River to
Nymboida Village

15.12.73 - 20.12.73

John Cairns
Alison Ramsay

Daryl Williams
Peter Fogarty

Peter Fogarty

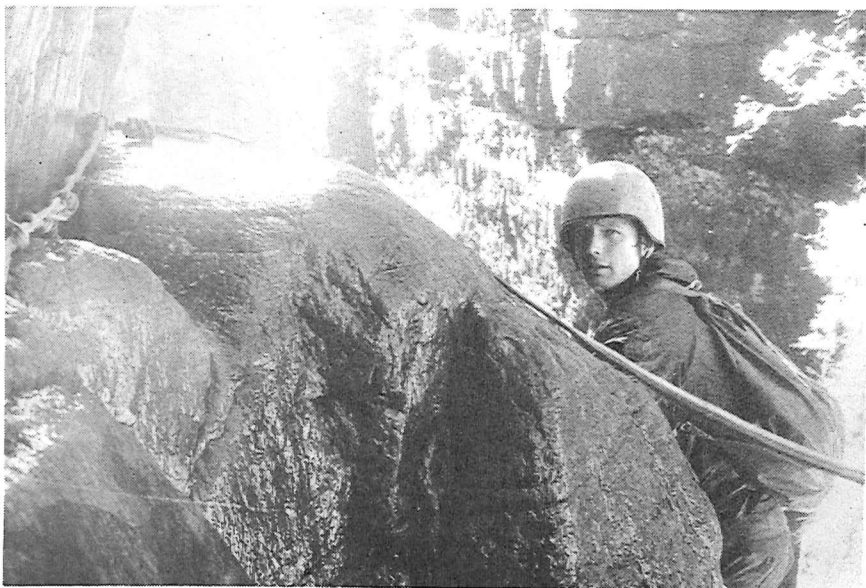
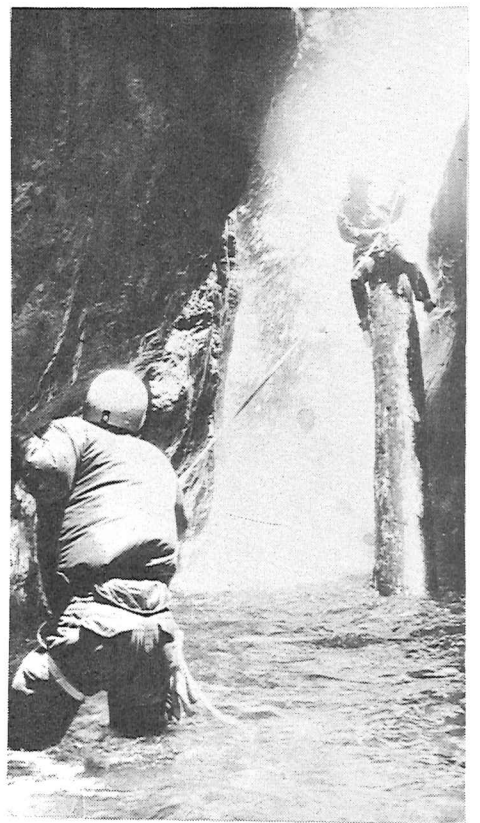
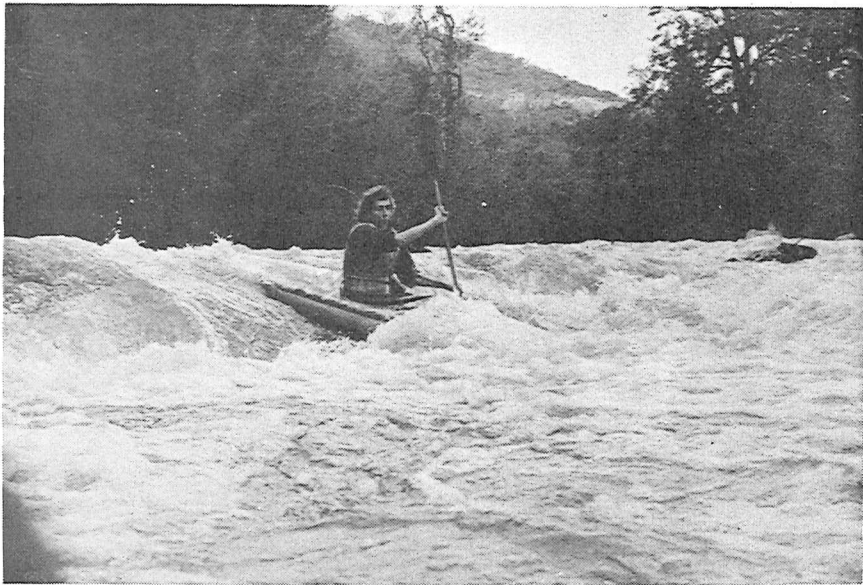
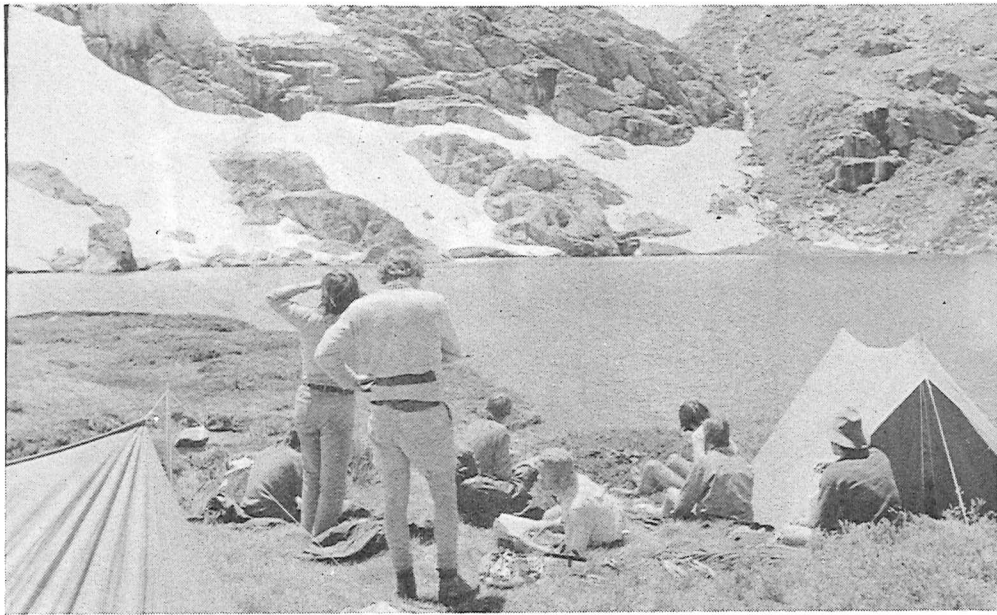
Photographs

Top: Watching the climbers.

Centre left: White water on the Macquarie.

Centre right: A stroll in Danae Brook.

Bottom: "I'm heaviest so ..." (See Danae article.)



"WHITE

Tender footed, new born in the snow,
a lost soul returning to the white.
Purity of earth and sky shape the mind -
already beginning to realise, grasping
the fundamentals of life.
Balance comes slowly, then the soul has movement
finally free to wander, to roam
and follow the snow plumes plucked
from peaks of white.
Voices above, there are others - older, surer -
but with similar minds.
The soul listens, comprehends their wisdom,
alone no longer, but in company,
the soul moves onwards, apart,
yet one with the group, to shelter.
Gliding through the white, living at last.
Then, reality, the "other" life awaits
at a place far distant.
The soul must wait for next year's white breath
to send it back home.

Lex Branch

ALBINA

A brown paper scrap of a bird.
Like a tethered kite straining in the wind
it hung,
wings playing air.
Head alert, motionless, seeking moving things
amongst the tangling shrubs, white flowered mint
and yellow pea.

The blasting wind that moved the air so fast
I found it hard to catch my breath.

Kestrel hovering,
fixed against a sky where frenzied clouds
are children on a windy day,
and then _____
its wings swept back, knife-sharp,
it cut the solid blast of air,
and dropped _____

A silent rustling of brown paper,
white-flecked feathers,
But rising now,
the pencil thin of lizard's tail, flapping in the wind
as kestrel soars into the sun.

Barbie Cameron-Smith

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Richard Lansdowne	7 Harden St, Artarmon 2064	412 2781
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Andrea Lemaire	19 Douglas St, East St Ives 2075	44 6408
Paul Mathews	67 Shirley Rd, Roseville 2069	46 2733
Angus McClure	5 Cherrybrook Rd, W Pennant Hills	84 4614
Margaret McEvoy	27 Womerah St, Turramurra 2074	44 5930
Robyn McWhinney	359 Blaxland Rd, Ryde 2112	80 5191
Carol McWhinney	359 Blaxland Rd, Ryde 2112	80 5191
Stephen Morrow	29 Cutler Pde, Nth Ryde 2113	88 1742
Greg Mortimer	25 Midson Rd, Epping 2121	
Paul Murphy	17 Hedges Ave, South Strathfield	642 8128

Chris Connolly

Graeme O'Reilly	7 Harden St, Artarmon 2064	412 2781
Brice Pacey	Officer Cadet School Portsea, VVic	
Charles Parbury	65 Johnstone Cres, Lane Cove	425
Chris Pavich	93 Barrenjoey Rd, Mona Vale	99 3432
John Prendergast	1 Kokoda St, Nth Ryde 2113	88 1493
Alison Ramsay	37 Parr Ave, Nth Curl Curl	93 1800
Bruce Rennie	5 Wyndora Lane, Harbord 2096	93 5104
Stuart Rodger	21 Greensdale Ave, St Ives	44 4125
David Rothery	24 Cocke Way, Epping 2121	86 4768
Tony Ryneberg	27 Werona Ave, Killara 2071	498 1594
Bill Saxby	8 Lagunaa Rd, Northbridge 2063	95 0461
Bob Sendt	Peach Tree Ave, Nth Ryde 2113	
Gerald Smith	53 Wyena Rd, Pendle Hill 2145	631 6436
Ian Spencer	319 Pennant Hills Rd, Pennant Hills	84 1848
Stewart Stevenson	35 Irvine Cres, Ryde 2112	80 9623
Dianne Suters	33 Epping Rd, Epping 2121	86 2969
Tony Tucker		
Linda Turtin	67 Baker St, Carlingford 2118	871 6793
Steve Twyford	21 Nelson St, Thornleigh 2120	84 3705
Adele Unger	10 Waratah St, Eastwood 2122	883353
Jan Van der Helder	42 Lot 3 Carcooler Rd, Cromer	
Peter Van der Helder	"	
Jean Vanry	5 Wyndora Lane, Harbord 2096	93 5104
Darelle Westcott	33 Epping Rd, Epping 2121	86 2969
Richard Willson	24/34 Cambridge St, Epping	86 9849
Green Yeti	Various Localities, Australia	
Sports Association	"Downstairs" The Union Mac Uni	88 9200
Gymnasium	Waterloo Rd, Macquarie Uni	88 9346

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